

# Missiskoui



# Standard.

Let Justice preside and Candour investigate.

VOL. 3.

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## POETRY.

From the New York Herald.

### AN ODE TO CASH.

Cash! Cash!—for this we strive and toil,  
From morning until night;  
Some plough the sea, and some the soil,  
Some practise Coke, and others Hoyle—  
On politics some write;  
And all who wish to cut a dash,  
Must have their pockets crammed with cash.

I offer you my service, sir,  
And my good wishes too—  
Pray how much are you worth a year?  
Your pocket is too short, I fear,  
To help my projects through;  
If so, your service is but trash,  
But I'm your man if you have cash.

Behold those interesting girls,  
Who smile divinely sweet—  
Quite good enough for lords or earls,  
Whose snowy teeth and raven curls,  
Are very hard to beat—  
Indeed the sweetest girls on earth.  
Pray tell me how much cash they're worth:

And love is bargained for and sold,  
By rules precise and narrow;  
Changed from the god he was of old,  
His quiver is of burnished gold,  
And silver every arrow—  
And, when'er he bends his bow,  
He's apt to lay a fortune low.

For cash we sail the ocean o'er,  
And many a distant sea—  
The want of cash condemns the poor,  
And cash unbars the prison door;  
And sets the convict free—  
Stronger than learning of the schools,  
The destiny of earth, cash rules.

Without it man but barely fares  
In all terrestrial things;  
And when awhile he bravely bears  
Life's tempest, and its load of cares,  
And wreaths beneath its strife—  
Down to where cash exerts no power,  
He sinks like a neglected flower.

## AGRICULTURAL.



### CHEESE MAKING.

Mr. BUEL.—Sir, I became a subscriber to your valuable paper at the commencement of its third volume and have since perused all its numbers with a great deal of interest. You have published several communications wishing that some one would send you some directions on the art of making cheese, which should be founded on the writer's own experience. As none have yet appeared in the columns of the Cultivator, I have concluded to send you a few directions, which are the result of my own observations only, upon actual experience, I can say but little.

It is a surprising fact, that the cheese business has been carried on in this country so long and to so great an extent as it has, without greater exertions to bring it to greater perfection by the assistance of science. I do not mean to call in question the quality, for I believe there are many persons in this country who are capable of making cheese of quality equal, and perhaps superior, to any foreign production. But I do not believe that any cheese maker in the country, even Col. Meacham himself can at all times, 'accomplish the greatest possible object by the least possible means' in that art without the use of the thermometer. It is but a few years since distillers could only extract, to the utmost extent, ten quarts of hydrometer proof liquor from a bushel of grain; while by the assistance of science and experiments, they now get fifteen quarts from a bushel. They too might mash, cool off, &c. by guess, without thermometers, and make just as good alcohol, but they would be the losers in the quantity. Why may not then more cheese be obtained from the same quantity of milk than is generally done? That the substance is not all coagulated is evident from the fact that butter is made from the whey. I do not know of a dairyman in this vicinity that uses a thermometer, a guide to regulate the temperature of the milk when set, or in any part of the process. The whole of the cheese in the country, I believe, is made by guess, and consequently no other than directions founded upon (rote) experience can be expected.

It is of great importance that the cheese should be well pressed, for no cheese will keep well that is not well pressed. I have not made any actual experiments of the different results of coagulating the milk at different temperatures, nor is this the proper season: I intend, however, to know the coming season. Yours, &c.

AARON PETRIE.  
Little-Falls, April 13th, 1837.

### THE VILLAGE PRIZE.

In one of the loveliest villages of old Virginia, there lived, in the year 175— an old man, whose daughter was declared by universal consent, to be the loveliest maiden in all the country round. The veteran, in his youth, had been athletic and muscular above all his fellows; and his breast, where he always wore them, could show the dormitory of three medals; received for his victories in gymnastic feats when a young man. His daughter was now eighteen, and had been sought in marriage by many suitors. One brought wealth—another, a fine person—another, this, and another that. But they were all refused by the old man, who became at last a by-word for his obstinacy among the young men of the village and neighborhood.

At length the nineteenth birth day of Annette, his charming daughter, who was as amiable and modest as she was beautiful, arrived. The morning of that day, her father invited all the youth of the country to a hay making frolic. Seventeen handsome and industrious young men assembled. They came not only to make hay, but also to make love to the fair Annette. In three hours they had filled the father's barns with the newly dried grass, and their own hearts with love. Annette, by the father's command, had brought the malt liquor of her own brewing, which she presented to each amored swain with her own hands.

Now, my boys,' said the old keeper of the jewel they all coveted, as leaning on their pitch forks they assembled around his door in the cool of the evening: 'Now, my lads, you have nearly all of you made proposals for my Annette. Now you see, I don't care any thing about money or talents, book learning nor soldier learning—I can do as well by my gal as any man in the country. But I want her to marry a man of my own grit. Now, you know, or ought to know, when I was a youngster, I could beat any thing in all Virginia in the way of leaping. I got my old woman by beating the smartest man on the Eastern shore, and I have took the oath and swore it that no man shall marry my daughter without jumping for it. You understand me, boys. There's the green, and here's Annette,' he added, taking his daughter, who stood timidly behind him, by the hand. 'Now the one that jumps the furthest on dead level shall marry Annette this very night.'

This unique address was received by the young men with applause. And many a youth, as he bounded gaily forward to the arena of trial, cast a glance of anticipated victory back upon the lovely object of village chivalry. The maidens left their looms and quilting frames, the children their noisy sports, the slaves their labor, and the old men their arm chairs and long pipes, to witness and triumph in the success of their victor. All prophesied and many wished that it would be young Carroll. He was the handsomest and best humored youth in the country, & all knew that a strong and mutual attachment existed between him and the fair Annette.—Carroll had the reputation of being the 'best leaper,' and in a country where such athletic achievements were the *sine qua non* of a man's cleverness, this was no ordinary honor. In a contest like the present, he had therefore every advantage over his fellow *athletes*.

The arena allotted for this hymenial contest was a level space in front of the village inn, and near the centre of a grass plat, reserved in the midst of the village, denominated the 'green.' The verdure was quite worn off at this place by previous excercises of a similar kind, and a hard surface of sand more befitting for the purpose to which it was to be used, supplied its place.

The father of the lovely, blushing, and withal happy prize (for she well knew who would win) with three other patriarchal villagers were the judges appointed to decide upon the claims of the several competitors. The last time Carroll tried his skill in this exercise, he 'cleared' to use the leaper's phraseology, 21 feet and one inch.

The signal was given, and by lot the young men stepped into the arena.

Edward Grayson, seventeen feet, cried one of the judges. The youth had done his utmost. He was a pale, intellectual student. But what had intellect to do in such an arena? Without a look at the maiden he left the ground.

Dick Boulden, nineteen feet. Dick, with a laugh, turned away, and replaced his coat.

Harry Preston, nineteen feet and three inches. 'Well done, Harry Preston,' shouted the spectators, 'you have tried hard for the acres and homestead.' Harry also laughed, and swore he only jumped for the fun of the thing. Harry was a

rattle brained fellow, but never thought of matrimony. He loved to walk and talk, and laugh and romp with Annette, but sober marriage never came into his head. He only jumped for the fun of the thing. He would have said so, if he was sure of winning.

Charley Simmons, fifteen feet and a half. 'Hurrah for Charley! Charley'll win!' Charley Simmons was the cleverest fellow in the world. His mother had advised him to stay at home, and told him if he ever won a wife, she would fall in love with his good temper, rather than his legs. Charley, however, made trial of the latter's capabilities and lost. Many refused to enter the lists altogether. Others made the trial, and only one of the leapers had yet cleared twenty feet.

'Now,' cried the villagers, 'let's see Henry Carroll. He ought to beat this, and every one appeared, as they called to mind the mutual love of the last competitor and the sweet Annette, as if they heartily wished his success.

Henry stepped to his post with a firm tread. His eye glanced with confidence around upon the villagers, and rested, before he bounded forward, upon the face of Annette, as if to catch therefrom that spirit and assurance which the occasion called for. Returning the encouraging glance with which she met his own, with a proud smile upon his lip, he bounded forward.

'Twenty one feet and a half!' shouted the multitude, repeating the announcement of one of the judges 'twenty-one feet and a half. Carroll forever—Annette & Harry.' Hands, caps, and handkerchiefs waved over the heads of the spectators, and the eyes of the delighted Annette sparkled with joy.

When Harry Carroll moved to his station to strive for the prize, a tall, gentlemanly young man in a military undress frock coat, who had rode up to the inn, dismounted, and joined the spectators unperceived, stepped suddenly forward, and with a knowing eye, measured deliberately the space accomplished by the leaper. He was a stranger in the village. His handsome face and easy address attracted the eyes of the village maidens, and his manly and sinewy frame, in which symmetry and strength were happily united, called forth the admiration of the young men.

'Mayhap, sir stranger, you think you can beat that,' said one of the bystanders, remarking the manner in which the eye of the stranger scanned the arena. 'If you can leap beyond Harry Carroll, you'll beat the best man in the colonies.' The truth of this observation was assented to by a general murmur.

'Is it for mere amusement you are pursuing this pastime?' inquired the youthful stranger, 'or is there a prize for the winner?' 'Annette, the loveliest and wealthiest of our village maidens, is to be the reward of the victor,' cried out one of the judges. 'Are the lists open to all?' 'All young, sir!' replied the father of Annette, with interest, his youthful ardor rising as he surveyed the proportions of the straight limbed young stranger. 'She is the bride of him who out-leaps Henry Carroll; if you will try you are free to do so. But let me tell you Harry Carroll has no equal in Virginia. Here is my daughter, sir; look at her and make your trial.'

The young officer glanced upon the trembling maiden, about to be offered on the altar of her father's unconquerable monomania, with an admiring eye. The poor girl looked at Harry, who stood near with a troublesome brow and angry eye, and then cast upon the new competitor an imploring glance.

Placing his coat in the hands of one of the judges, he drew a sash he wore beneath it tighter round his waist, and taking the appointed stand, made, apparently without effort, the bound that was to decide the happiness or misery of Henry and Annette.

'Twenty-two feet one inch!' shouted the judge. The announcement was repeated with surprise by the spectators, who crowded around the victor, filling the air with loud murmurs from those who were more nearly interested in the happiness of the lovers. The old man approached, and grasping his hand exultingly, called him his son, and said he felt prouder of him than if he were a prince. Physical activity and strength were the old leaper's true patents of nobility.

Resuming his coat, the victor sought with his eye the fair prize he had, altho' nameless and unknown, so fairly won. She leaned upon her father's arm pale and distressed.

Her lover stood aloof, gloomy and mortified; admiring the superiority of the stranger in an exercise in which he prided himself as unrivaled, while he hated him for his success.

'Annette, my pretty prize,' said the

victor, taking her passive hand....I have won you fairly.' Annette's cheek became paler than marble; she trembled like an aspen leaf, and clung closer to her father, while her drooping eye sought the form of her lover. His brow grew dark at the stranger's language.

'I have won you, my pretty flower, to make you a bride!...tremble not so violently—I mean not myself, however proud I might be,' he added gallantly, 'to wear so fair a gem next my heart.—Perhaps,' and he cast his eyes round inquiringly, while the current of life leaped joyfully to her brow, and a murmur of applause ran through the crowd....'perhaps there is some favored youth among the competitors, who has a higher claim to this jewel.' 'Young sir,' he continued, turning to the surprised Henry, 'methinks you were victor in the list before me. I strove not for the maiden, though one could not well strive for a fairer—but from love for the manly sport in which I saw you engaged. You are the victor, and as such, with the permission of this assembly, receive from my hand the prize you have so honorably won.'

The youth sprung forward and grasped his hand with gratitude, and the next moment Annette was weeping from pure joy upon his shoulders. The welkin rung with the acclamations of the delighted villagers, and amid the temporary excitement produced by this act, the stranger withdrew from the crowd, mounted his horse, and spurred a brisk trot through the village.

That night, Henry and Annette were married, and the health of the mysterious and noble hearted stranger was drunk in overflowing bumpers of rustic beverage.

In process of time, there were born unto the married pair sons and daughters, and Harry Carroll became Colonel Henry Carroll of the revolutionary army.

One evening, having just returned home after a hard campaign, he was sitting with his family on the gallery of his handsome country house, when an advance courier rode up and announced the approach of General Washington and suite, informing him that he should crave his hospitality for the night.—The necessary directions were given in reference to his household preparations, and Col. Carroll, ordering his horse, rode forward to meet and escort to his house the distinguished guest, whom he had never yet seen, although serving in the same widely extended army.

That evening, at the table, Annette, now become the dignified, matronly and still handsome Mrs. Carroll, could not keep her eyes from the face of her illustrious visitor. Every moment or two she would steal a glance at his commanding features, and half assuaded, shake her head and look again, to be still more puzzled. Her absence of mind and embarrassment at length became evident to her husband, who inquired affectionately if she were ill.

'I suspect, Colonel,' said the General, who had been some time, with a quiet, meaning smile, observing the lady's curious and puzzled survey of his features—'that Mrs. Carroll thinks she recognizes in me an old acquaintance.' And he smiled with a mysterious air, as he gazed upon both alternately.

The Colonel started, and a faint memory of the past seemed to be revived, as he gazed, while the lady rose impulsively from her chair and bending eagerly forward over the tea urn, with clasped hands and an eye of intense, eager inquiry, fixed full upon him, stood for a moment with her lips parted as if she would speak.

'Pardon me, my dear madam—pardon me, Colonel, I must put an end to this scene. I have become, by dint of camp fare and hard usage, too unwieldy to leap again twenty-two feet one inch, for even so fair a bride as one I wot of.'

The recognition, with the surprise, delight and happiness that followed, are left to the imagination of the reader.

Gen. Washington was indeed the handsome young leaper, whose mysterious appearance and disappearance in the native village of the lovers is still traditional—and whose claim to a substantial body of *bona fide*—flesh and blood was stoutly contested by the village story tellers, until the happy denouement which took place at the hospitable mansion of Col. Carroll.

The most important fact in the last account from Florida, is that a *large negro* (equal to two small ones) had been seen prowling about. Fortunately the army did not get in his way, so that he did comparatively little damage.

*The Times*....'It requires a great deal of fortitude,' said a pious tradesman to another yesterday, 'to bear the present state of things?' 'Yes,' replied his friend, 'I require a fiftytude to take up a note at this moment.'

From the Scottish Guardian.  
ENGLISH DESTRUCTIVES.

There are two sections of the English Destructives. One, and by far the most powerful, is that of which Jeremy Bentham is the apostle, and the London and Westminster Review the organ. If we take their sentiments from the latter, we shall speak of their views correctly.—Every thing in politics is brought to the test of utility, and their views of utility are somewhat restricted. To pursue the greatest happiness of the greatest number is their professed object; but they regard man as a physical and intellectual being not at all as a moral one. All reference to a future state they ridicule and the idea of religion moves them to shouts of laughter.—Nay so bitter are they on this subject, that they look on an Unitarian, whose religion one would think frigid enough, as a fanatic, and they were furious with Chalmers' Bridgewater Treatise because he maintained there was such a thing as conscience. Conscience—religion—they reject as idle terms....Sir W. Molesworth broke out into a passion with the electors of Leeds this winter, because they asked his religious views. To be suspected of holding any religious views is regarded as an insult. Such are the opinions distilled once a quarter through the Review, and which we believe, Tait's Magazine circulates in its little way. Any one who is curious to see them may turn there. Their value for the Review was expressed by one of them (who we are ashamed to say represents or misrepresents the constituency of Kilmarnock, &c. L. Bowring,) who gave a set of the Westminster Review as the highest contribution he could make, to the Mechanics' Institution in Glasgow. The object of this party may be gathered from these views. To tear out every thread of religion from the state, and to scatter it to the winds, is their first object—to convert the whole people into a spinning, weaving, calculating, philosophizing, and economizing race, led by men of cool heads and cool hearts—expelling all religion, either putting down its public profession by force, or leaving it with cool contempt to old women and children is their grand aim. They would then erect on the ruins of all gradations of society, the peerage, primogeniture and the throne, a broad-bottomed, hydra-headed, thousand-fisted government, which they call the government of the many (though it is, in fact, the despotism of the few noisy and insolent of the many.) The persons who contribute to the Westminster Review, and who are understood to represent this section in parliament, are Messrs. Roeback, C. Buller, Grote, Warburton, Sir W. Molesworth, Colonel Thompson, Mr. Wakely and Dr. Bowring.

And among other supporters, we may mention Mr. Gisborne, (who said he hoped to see Messrs. Grote & Warburton soon in office,) and many others of less note. Perhaps Mr. E. Ellice will inform us if he ought not to be classed in this section.

There is another section of Destructives who have far shorter views than the first and less-considered plans. The first have good wolfish appetites, with rows of well sharpened teeth, all hungering for the work of tearing and rending to atoms every morsel of our institutions; the other a mere crane-necked, timid, feeble race, who nibble at some little object of their own, and when these are thrown to them would be for stopping and going no further. Such are the voluntary dissenters, who have no wish to revolutionize the country or to turn the nation into a set of infidels; but whose only desire is to pull the Church to pieces, that on its ruins they may lift themselves a step or two higher, and with its fragments build a larger house for themselves.

They hold a different language from the first section. Instead of religion being a word shut out of their organs, every sentence is rounded with it. The diffusion of Christianity, the exaltation of religion, the spread of the Gospel, are their professed objects—and many of them have these objects very deeply and very honestly at heart. Many of them conceive that the separation of the church from the state would promote these objects; and many of them believe this, because they have heard it so often repeated by their ministers and leading men that they take it for granted it must be true. There is indeed mixed in this section a more designing and artful party—a party increasing as the contest has advanced—men who from their lives and actions, we may say without breach of charity, care not two straws for religion, and would laugh at the notion of spreading the Gospel, as heartily as the first section; but who see how useful it is to the Destructives to have the votes and aid of the Dissenters, and who mix with them for that purpose, pick up their language, adopt their slang, and use it at public meetings. It will be easy for any one who knows the individuals to distinguish between the sincere members of the Dissenting party and this harlequin class. We fear that among the ministers of Dissent (so fearful and rapid has been the decline of all good feeling) many will be found whose motives of action are anything but pure; and with whom envy, lust of power, love of notoriety and intrigue, are the great incentives to those public exhibitions of themselves from which all good men recoil. Out of parliament the organ of this party is the Patriot newspaper. In Parliament their representatives (who were acknowledged to be such, either by appearing at the church-rate abolition meeting in February, or by speaking the views and pre-

senting the petitions of the party to the house) are Messrs. Huine, Lushington, Hindley, Hawes, Phillips, Potter, Wilks, Brotherton, Baines, W. Harvey, & Buckingham. And for Scotland, Messrs. Oswald, Wallace and Gillon. Mr. S. Crawford is the unit which Ireland contributes. Of the Dis-senting Ministers who have gained great notoriety as pugilists on this field, we have Dr. Barnett, Dr. Ritchie and Dr. Hugh. One thing we must say for this party, that, whether their object is good or bad, they have openly avowed it. They have no disguise. They have hawked it out on platforms, and in newspapers, and magazines; and made their pulpits echo with it, and rang it in our ears from their house-tops. For the last five or six years they have sounded it to us, and formed societies to explain it, and induced their representatives in parliament to announce it. So that every child among us knows what is the object of the voluntary Dissenters, and is quite aware that as long as there exists an Established Church in any shape, or to any extent, in the country, they will not be satisfied. It is not surprising, of course, that those who value the church, whether it be the Church of England or the Church of Scotland, can have no truce with this party, but are at open war with it. If their object is gained, the burch falls to the ground, and not one stone of it will be allowed to stand upon another. We pray our readers to bear in mind the openness of the designs of this section, while we proceed to the conduct of His Majesty's Government towards them. They will find that it throws the clearest light upon their system of policy. But we must defer this for the present.

From the Quebec Mercury.

It appears that the benevolent aid extended to the inhabitants of the Township of Kingsley has been, as is too frequently the case with such donations, most vilely abused by those who were entrusted with the distribution of it. The *Farmers' Advocate* contains the following letter exposing some very disgraceful circumstances:

Durham, 24th May, 1837.

Mr. Editor.—I consider it my duty to acquaint you in what manner part of the charity money has been expended by the gentlemen who were intrusted with it, to be given to those in want.

A Mr. Doherty, brother-in-law to one of our members for the county of Drummond, received six bushels of wheat and six of potatoes.

Mr. Doherty is owner of a grist and saw mill, and keeps a house of entertainment for man and horse. On his arrival at home with his wheat, which he got on pretence of requiring it for seed, he sent four bushels of it to mill the same evening.

A Mr. Carpentier received six bushels also. He is owner of two breeding mares, a pair of oxen, eight or ten head of horned cattle, and a good flock of sheep: and had a beautiful crop; he has been selling flour all winter, and this spring made upwards of 1200 weight of sugar. He also keeps lodgings for man and horse.

There are many whose claims have been overlooked, who stand much in need of what these two favorites received.

J. ATKINSON.

It appears, from the *Montreal Gazette*, that a Committee has been formed in the Townships to enquire into the circumstances connected with this & the other abuses in the distribution. The following extracts from the proceedings of this local court of enquiry are from that paper:

Your Committee, appointed to forward the object of the meeting convoked on the 4th May instant, have made diligent enquiry respecting the advance of £350 by the Administration of the Province, for the relief of persons in distress of this Township, but from what they have been able to ascertain, matters of fact have not been elucidated, so as to warrant their recommending the taking of any steps by the meeting, that could tend to bring the question before any of the constituted authorities for a discussion.

They have indeed ascertained that J. Bte. Trudelle, a man known here by his dealing in various kinds of speculation, from farm buying and selling, down to grave-digging labour, did kill a bitch in the beginning of last winter, in his own house, and did then and there roast it and feed upon it, with some of his neighbours. But whether this notorious fact has been the ground work of the affidavits laid before his Excellency the Governor in Chief, to induce him to believe that extraordinary distress prevailed here, or whether the assertions thereto relating had a broader foundation, your committee have not been able to discover. By the statement of Jacques Pellerin, the chief security, and the only one, in fact, known to be solvent to any considerable amount, it appears that the money, or value thereof, has been distributed on so absurd a principle, that it is impossible that any administration could have given orders to that effect. Instead of seed, the want of which was the only distress some industrious people laboured under, or at least some of the cheapest & most substantial kinds of provisions, beef was retailed at random, at an enormous price, also remnants of salt fish, and some potatoes, without distinction of rich from poor.

Actually, it seems that proceedings have been set on a totally different footing, and that the distribution has been confined to that class of persons, who, in the years of the greatest abundance, have in-

variably suffered from want, and who are certainly not sufficiently numerous to necessitate the grant of £350. Nor will any such relief be conducive to any other consequence than that of diverting them from their daily labour, and cause them to be in constant attendance on the said Trudelle, who, from his inability to read or write, (the signing of his name being only an effort of mere mechanical ingenuity,) his being a petty speculator, and from various other reasons not fit to be enumerated here, was certainly the most unfit personage his Excellency could select for a trust which, it appears, invested its holders with powers more unlimited than are conferred by the highest commission under the Provincial seal.

Finally, your Committee regret to state,

that the whole proceedings in that case

cannot prove creditable to those who have

had any influence therein, and that should

his Excellency ever see fit to enquire into

the same, he will undoubtedly find more

ground to animadvert upon than it has

been in the power of your Committee to

discover.

J. EVANS,  
WM. VONDENVELDEN.

Kingsley, 23d May, 1837.

Kingsley, 25th May, 1837.

At a meeting of the inhabitants of the Township of Kingsley, taking place pursuant to adjournment from the 4th of May to 25th May instant, to consider the case of the advance of £350 to the persons in distress in this Township.

Received the Report of the Committee of investigation.

Resolved, 1st. That the Committee of Investigation do report the progress at the next meeting, for the present object.

Resolved, 2d. That the object of the meeting is two fold, 1st—to be informed of what has really become of the said £350; and, 2—to deprecate publicly the useless and wasteful manner in which some of the said money has been expended, the whole accompanied by circumstances highly hurtful to the feelings of every inhabitant of this Township, who has not professed the trade of common beggar.

Resolved, 3d. That inasmuch as the most independent part of the Canadians of French descent seem inclined to assist to the furthering of the ends proposed by this meeting in a competent number, Joseph Painchaud and Francois Blais be added to the Committee of Investigation.

Resolved, 4th. That this meeting be adjourned to the 20th of June next, & that the proceedings of this meeting be handed over to the press for publication.

JH. RICHARDS, Chairman.

WILLIAM GREENE, Secretary.

FRANCE.

'We have been so fortunate,' says the *Journal des Débats*, 'as to become acquainted with some of the circumstances which have attended the spontaneous act of royal clemency towards Meunier and we have great pleasure in communicating them to the public because they display in all his simple and majestic grandeur, the King, whom France has raised to the throne and whom base calumny still assails, even in that inviolable sphere in which the respect of the people has placed him. Meunier, immediately after his sentence was pronounced, wrote to the King humbly entreating pardon in terms of the most sincere repentance. But before his petition reached his Majesty, the council of ministers was considering this serious question, and the King himself had spoke in favor of commutation, considering the good sentiments the culprit several times expressed during the proceedings....in fact, the ordinance was signed before Meunier's petition was brought to council.'

At the same moment an aged woman entered the court of the palace, scarcely able to walk from her extreme distress of mind. She urgently entreated to be allowed to deliver a petition to the Queen.—'Twas the unhappy mother of Meunier! The officers of the palace received her with kindness, and immediately went to receive the Queen's orders. In a few minutes afterwards, the suppliant was on her knees at the feet of her Majesty, bathing her royal hands with tears, and praying for mercy with convulsive sobs. The Queen was yet uninformed of the decision of the council, and could only return a soliloquy language, trembling at the idea of giving false hopes. During this affecting scene, the door opened, the King was announced, and from his own mouth put an end to the perplexities of the Queen, by informing the mother of the culprit that the life of her son was spared. 'I have commuted his punishment,' said his Majesty. 'Your son has repented, and I have wished him to live. I did not wait for his petition to pronounce his pardon.' As the unfortunate woman was completely embarrassed and overcome at finding herself in presence of so much goodness and grandeur, and could only reply to it with her tears, the King added—'Be comforted! Your son is already acquainted with his pardon. I have just sent the President of the Court of Peers to make it known to him.' The King then raised the poor woman, who still remained on her knees at the Queen's feet, and seated her in an arm chair, continuing to address her in terms of consolation and benevolence. After a few minutes more, their Majesties retired, recommending Madame Meunier, still oppressed with her emotions, to the care of their officers.

The *Gazette des Tribunaux*, states that when the chief Register went to the pris-

on of the Luxembourg to communicate to Meunier the sentence of the court which condemned him to death, the prisoner listened to the reading of the judgment with the most perfect indifference, like one who never doubted his fate. His first expressions were 'Lavans and Lacase are acquitted—well, so much the better; I was compelled to say what I did, but I did not wish to injure them; may they live happily.' A moment afterward he said—'For myself, I knew what I had to expect; I do not complain of it, I deserve it all.' To these remarks which were spoken in a firm voice, he added with a sigh, 'Tis my poor mother who has cause to complain. Poor woman! yet I loved her well! Meunier slept soundly the whole night, and breakfasted heartily in the morning. He preserved the same appearance of unconcern the whole day, except when speaking of his mother, that alone seemed to affect him.

From the Quebec Mercury.

In our last when speaking of the great Howl meeting at St. Scholastique, of which such a magnificent account was given in the *Vindicator*, we expressed our conviction that it was like the other meetings, a mere muster on paper, in the composition of which the reporter had some small capital of facts, but had drawn largely on the stores of his imagination. It turns out as we suspected, *L'Ami du Peuple* of the 7th instant, publishes a letter from an Elector of the County of Two mountains, in which the utter failure of the attempt in congregating a large assemblage of the country people is exposed, together with all the efforts fruitlessly made by the Agitators of the county to excite the people, by seductive discourses delivered at the Church doors, and induce them to repair in a body to meet the Great Agitator. The letter of the Elector is strengthened by private letters from the same quarter, all of which are in direct opposition to the report published in the *Vindicator*. The correspondent of *L'Ami* is very indignant that the Executive should have raised to the rank of Magistrates persons who are unworthy of that office, and who avail themselves of the influence they derive from it, to oppose the laws they have sworn to uphold, and who promote disaffection and discord rather than preserve that order which it is their bounden duty to enforce. The writer of this letter, in his honest zeal, however, overlooks the fact that the head of the Executive cannot be supposed, to know personally the character or principles of persons recommended for the Commissions of the Peace in the different districts, but must take them on the recommendation of persons who are supposed to be well acquainted with the fitness of those they propose for such respectable situations. The late Commissions of the Peace have been issued, no doubt agreeably to the instructions for admitting the Canadians of French origin to a fuller share in the dignities and places of the disposal of Government. The experiment, as the instances cited by *L'Ami* abundantly prove, has been most unfortunate, and so far from having answered the expectations of the Ministry of producing conciliation and cherishing an attachment to the Government, in those who were thus advanced, it has only served to put into the hands of the enemies of the Constitution the means of abusing the powers entrusted to them and of employing it for the subversion instead of the preservation of order....But the blame does not lie at the door of the local Administration, it is with those who have imagined, and still appear to imagine, that conciliation may be promoted by the concession. The Canadian rural population happily having no real grievances to complain of but sitting every man in peace on his own land, untaxed and unacquainted with the meaning of oppression, happily is not easy to be inflamed; but the attempts of those who seek to disturb the peace of the country and rouse the inhabitants against the Government are not the less criminal on this account, nor do they therefore deserve to be less severely punished. A day of reckoning must come, and if the Government will be firm, or the heads of these Agitators will recoil the evils they would inflict upon their fellow subjects.

*Temperance Crew.*—The system of temperance crews, for this port, has this season been carried into operation in manning the hired vessels *Gulnare* and *Beaufort*, under the command of Captain Bayfield, R. N. The entire of the crews of these vessels, amounting to upwards of forty men and petty officers, exclusive of the officers of the Royal Navy conducting the surveying service, are engaged on temperance terms. No grog is allowed, and an equivalent is given in other comforts or in money, in lieu of the issue of spirits, which was in former years made as in the Royal Navy. The example, it is hoped, will be generally adopted, for an adherence to it would prevent that insubordination on board, and most of those disgraceful scenes, on shore, which are of daily occurrence in this city, and its neighborhood, during the season of the navigation, —*Quebec Mercury*.

We learn that the *Populaire*, of Friday last, that a conventicle of the Montreal revolutionary leaders, was held on the preceding day, at which it was determined to use all efforts to put down the circulation of the *Canadien* in that district. Widely as we differ in our views from that paper, and little as we respect its pretensions to moderation, we hold in utter detestation this tyrannical attempt at strangling the liberty of the Press, so impudently made by these *soi-disant* liberals who, it appears, are inclined to allow no information to go forth to the people but such as is distilled from the poisonous alembicks of the *Vindicator* and *Minerve*. The cause must incur the suspicion of being bad indeed, whose supporters resort to such means of stifling all opinions which do not exactly tally with their own. But this is the sort of liberty which Mr. Papineau, and his tail, desire should prevail.—Let them say what they will, do what they will, but destruction, utter destruction, if it can be effected without personal risk on their part, to those who dare to speak or act in opposition to their high pleasure....

For the Mississauga Standard.  
THE FIRE SIDE.—No. 27

Those who do not love to attend the worship of God cannot but feel within themselves that they are, for some reason, however unfounded that reason may be, averse to it. No doubt they have many excuses to offer, some one thing, some another, perhaps satisfactory enough to themselves, without seeing that, on other subjects, or regarding any other pursuits, they would appear supremely silly and ridiculous. Some pretend to be so much afraid of hypocrisy, as if there was no other sin to be afraid of in the world, or any other cause of shame following in the footsteps of human nature but hypocrisy—so shocked at the sight of persons on their knees, making confession of their sins to God, and pouring forth the language of supplication for mercy and pardon. Judging from what they feel in their own hearts, that is, contempt for every thing that looks serious and devout in the conduct of their fellow creatures, they turn away from it with scorn: Judging others by their own sentiments, they cannot see how it is possible for any one to be seriously engaged in a service which has no reference to the affairs of the world, the wants of the body, or the accumulation of temporal things. Destitute of faith in the realities of a world to come, to which all religion has reference, they can no more conceive how a rational being can act as if he believed them to be as real as the things which are around him, without being as wild in his notions as the votaries of romantic fictions. The conclusions therefore to which they generally come, respecting their religious friends, are good naturally expressed under the idea of being notional—a little superstitious perhaps, or as possessing rather singular whims: but respecting all others of whose reputation they are indifferent, they express themselves without much restraint, and class them all as hypocrites. No allowance is to be made in favor of those who are seeking their salvation, unless they are absolutely perfect as to defy the shrewdest suspicion. Perfection however is of rare growth. It takes a long time before a learner, however diligent it may be, can be perfect as his master, in any branch of knowledge, science or art: but inasmuch as the master and learner are of one flesh, the distance between them may shorten every day, and the learner may leave the teacher behind. In the christian church, Jesus Christ, 'the brightness' of his father's 'glory and the express image of his person' is the teacher of christians, as well as their pattern. The difference between him and his followers must remain forever. He never had any thing to unlearn. They have both to learn and unlearn, to 'cease to do evil and to learn to do well.' He was holy, 'harmless and undefiled'—had no sins to repent of—no evil practice to forsake. Not so with us. We have through life transgressed the law of God, besides that our nature is depraved. Nevertheless, men who believe in God, and that they are sinners who need pardoning mercy and the renewing influences of the Holy Spirit to prepare them for heaven, know that they must return, and conscious, that they have 'evil hearts of unbelief,' & corrupt inclinations to resist and overcome, have sometimes a sincere desire, which they wish to be permanent and effectual, of obtaining grace that they may be the 'faithful soldiers and servants of Christ,' do therefore engage in prayer. But the mere worldling cannot understand this. He can make no allowance for those who honestly desire to overcome the evil inclinations of corrupt nature, and to cultivate religion, if it can be suspected that their foot had ever slipped, or their tongue had ever offended. They do not understand that to have the desire of departing from iniquity, and to practise religion enter largely into all the personal and practical religion that can be cultivated among men. The whole course of even an Apostle's life was 'to keep under his body and bring it into subjection.' But any appearance of devotion in persons deemed by the worldling to be no better than himself is at once set down as hypocrisy. He knows it would be so in his own case, and therefore it must necessarily be the same in all others. It makes no difference what they say, or how they act. They are hypocrites if they make any pretension to religion. The worldling hates religion, not, he says, if it was sincere, but then that he may always have something to hate and nothing to love, he is sure never to see religion, but only it counterfeits, a sanctimonious appearance. Take care then that you make no attempt to desert your master. Keep away from the means of grace, and boast that you are of no profession and consequently no hypocrite. Maintain stoutly that those who attend the means of grace, and the preaching of the Gospel are not better on week days, either in conversation, or in the making of bargains, or in the virtue of sobriety than those who do not. Cursing and swearing, and profaning the Lord's day, are no sins because you make no profession. Bringing up your children without religion as heathens, is a

proof of your freedom and independence. Carry your reasoning and the rules of your conduct a little farther. Some, you know, are too fond of dress, equipage and shew, so much as almost to worship them. Be you superior to their weakness. Go back to the simplicity of nature. Cover yourself with the skin of a wild beast, and let your hair and your nails grow, for fear of being an idolater. Some are true and just in their dealings, and punctual to their engagements. This is hypocrisy to be sure. They mean only to impose on simpletons that they may gain a name, and then turn it to their gain. See that you treat all such modes of dealing as the remains of barbarous ages. Some speak the truth before and behind their fellow creatures; on the contrary, speak you always so as to suit your inclinations and interest, for fear you would be thought to have a conscience.

Some, you know, profess to believe that all men must 'appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in the body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.' But never mind that. It is found only in a mystic old Book. Make you up your minds that, as you have already through life refused to obey the calls and invitations of the Gospel, given in that old Book, on the ground that you always had urgent business on hand, and could not be troubled with such notions, so it will be, as heretofore, without any inconvenience, to refuse compliance. Consult your own will, feelings and conveniences in all things, and if you should chance to hear the angel Gabriel, sounding the last Trumpet for you to come to judgment, just do as you had always done with regard to the ringing of the Church Bell. Tell him that you had 'bought a farm' or a 'yoke of oxen and must prove them, or married a wife,' or that you are drawing out a balance sheet of the profits and loss of your speculations, or taking comfort after your labors and cannot now be disturbed. All such excuses you know satisfied well enough through life, why may they not be as good to the last? You can tell the judge of all the earth that you have had one grand, sterling virtue—that you never had been hypocrites, and in proof of its genuine character, that you had never undertaken to fear him, nor to love him, nor to worship him, nor to thank him for any of his mercies. What a noble recommendation!

J. R.

#### MISSISKOU STANDARD.

FREELIGHSBURG, JUNE 20, 1837.

Of all the ingredients which are thrown into the volcano of threats, fulminated by Mr. Papineau and Co., with a view to terrify and drive the Government of England into compliance with their demands, that of praising the pure democracy of the States, and the freedom, prosperity and happiness which pure democracy is said to promote, is most remarkable for the hardihood of ignorance which it betrays. It is uttered, lavished forth, in the face of the most astounding facts—of universal, national bankruptcy & wide spreading discontent, curses both loud and deep, not minced or concealed, but boldly uttered in the most public places before the world. Have these gentlemen parasites, not common sense to know that they bestow false praises? Are they destitute of the common information of country school boys? Who do they mean to impose upon? Do they think they can deceive those who read what our neighbors themselves say of their happiness. Are they so unnatural, as to have decreed that their simple, untaught, but goodnatured, confiding countrymen should be deceived, and blindly led into acts of rebellion against a fostering paternal government, which will bring misery, lamentation & tears of blood into thousands of dwellings that but for them would have remained quiet, contented and happy? Do they expect that, in such a crisis as they are endeavoring to bring on by their bravadoes, mad speeches, and insulting resolutions, they shall escape unscathed, and be able to boast over their whisky cups—'We that are commanders, shall do well enough?'

The suspending of specie payments in all the Banks of the American Union, must leave indelible disgrace somewhere. There are guilty ones, and they shall be found out. Some years ago Gen. Jackson, when President, removed the deposits of the paid-in-revenues, from the United States' Bank, located in Philadelphia, into about one hundred & eighty Banks, distributed through the Union. All these deposite Banks suspended specie payments. Those of New York, took the lead in turning the keys. The New York Dry Dock Bank, having nearly 200,000 dollars of Government deposits, all in gold and silver, was among the number of turnkeys. How much was deposited among the one hundred & eighty pds we know not. But the amount must have been immense. Governor Ritner, of Pennsylvania, in his late proclamation, says, 'The national Government, with an unparalleled surplus of means, cannot pay its debts in the legal currency of the country.'

Gold and silver to the tune of 200,000

dollars were deposited in one Bank. The depositories, we presume, were all paid in gold and silver to the one hundred & eighty pds. The Government has also, in addition to what gold and silver were in the country, imported from France a very heavy sum, all in gold and silver, due to a great number of citizens, as an indemnity for spoliations heretofore made on the commerce of the country. All this indemnity was placed in the deposite Banks. What has become of all the coin which constituted the 'unparalleled surplus' of revenue, and the actually imported and deposited French indemnity? The English manufacturers, and the English merchants have not received their dues. They are suffering most severely and cruelly for want of their own which is justly due for value delivered and received. The claimants of the French indemnity cannot obtain their money unless they take Bank Notes which the Government will not receive from them, either in payment of Letter postage, or in satisfaction for any species of duty, tax or impost. The claimants had a right to their own gold and silver as they came from France. What now has become of the precious metal which constituted the 'unparalleled surplus means' at the disposal of Government? What have they done with the gold & silver which came from France? Have the pet Banks eaten up millions of gold and silver pieces, or have they buried them deep in some unfrequented caverns of the earth?

There is rottenness somewhere. There is a deep laid plot somewhere in operation, of the most wicked, extensive and infernal robbery, that the sun has ever beheld. Mr. Biddle's Letter, candid, luminous, & honorable as it is, throws no light on the subject. It does not tell what has become of the gold and silver which swelled the revenue to an 'unparalleled surplus,' nor of the millions of the hard coins which came from France. The Proclamation of Governor Ritner is equally deficient. These upright, able gentlemen are not, we suspect, in the secrets of Martin Van Buren's Government,

The effects of this dark crisis are, and will be, dreadful. Thousands in England, and in all countries, with which the States had a commercial intercourse, are and will be reduced to extreme misery. It not only affects the manufacturing and labouring classes, and merchants of England, but it extends its ravages to the East India and China Trades. And what is worse, the scorching, devouring, killing desolation comes from the panegyrized land of pure democracy, freedom, happiness, prosperity and good laws! We would recommend the admirers of the eloquence, honesty and veracity of rebels, to visit Faneuil Hall and some other arenas of the panegyrized pure democracy of the States, and hear with their own ears the panegyric of democracy from the lips of those who enjoy its sweet grinding.

We have inadvertently omitted to notice the Montreal 'Bible Advocate.' This small monthly periodical, neatly got up and well executed, is intended to promote the circulation of the Scriptures. It avows the design of laboring hard until it can succeed in placing the Bible in every family, destitute of the same, in the province. It contains eight octavo pages for 1s. 3d. single copy per annum. We heartily wish it success. It should, however, have told who the conductors are, that the public might have some knowledge of the character of its conductors.

On Sunday the 11th inst. Mr. Enos Bartlett of Sutton, aged 73 years, put a period to his earthly pilgrimage by cutting off the Carotid artery of the right side of his neck, with a razor. He had been in a state of mental derangement for about fifteen months.

He lived about two hours after the artery was opened, and when asked, if he was willing to have the blood stopped, replied that he was not.

An advertisement has been handed in for publication, signed LEANDER TRUAX, in reply to that of ISAAC TRUAX, (his father,) which we promised to insert. On looking it over, we find that we ought not to soil our paper by such a production. We would suggest to the parties that, a newspaper is not the place for settling family quarrels.

We notice that the City Bank is purposing to issue small bills in order to relieve the community for want of small change.

The Liverpool correspondent of the New York Evening Star after giving some par-

agraphs on the debates in the Commons on Canada affairs, concludes with the following remark:—

I have mentioned this question, as I know that the Evening Star has many readers in Canada, to whom this intelligence may thus be first communicated. It is well, also that they should know that the ministerial resolutions will certainly be adopted by both Houses of Parliament, whether the administration be Whig or Tory. The members, in the Commons, who support the Canada complaints, are very few indeed.

#### PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

Royal Exchange, London, April 22, 1837.—Sir George Gipps, one of the Royal Commissioners, has returned to London, as well as Mr. Elliott, the secretary, and have had interviews with Lord Glenelg, at which much satisfaction was expressed by his Lordship at the manner in which the Royal Commissioners have executed the important trust committed to their charge. Sir George Gipps has also, at an interview with his Majesty, been greeted with the warmest reception from the King, who expressed himself also in strong terms of the conduct of the Royal Commissioners.

New Canadian Bank.—One of our richest citizens long known for his industry and probity, Mr. Edmund Henry, of Laprairie proposes to establish a Bank, to assist the Farmers and Mechanics of the Province in their labors and operations. This Bank will be known as Henry's Bank, the principal office will be at Laprairie with an Agency at Montreal. It is needless to recommend this Bank to the confidence of our fellow citizens; the name and reputation of Mr. Henry are sufficient to ensure its success.—*L'Ami du Peuple.*

The *Populaire* of last night mentions, and we believe correctly, some arrangements which are on the tapis, for the removal of the pressing difficulties produced by the want of small change. One of these is the proposed issue by Mr. J. Molson, in compliance with the request of several of our first merchants, of notes for fractional parts of a dollar. Another is the resolution by the Bank of Montreal, to furnish as soon as possible, a copper currency, of sufficient intrinsic value, to supply the place of our present worthless coppers. A third is as yet only a suggestion by the Committee of Trade, to the Bank of Montreal, of an issue by the Bank, of silver tokens, to serve as small change, sufficiently depreciated to prevent their exportation, and redeemable by the Bank, on the resumption of specie payments.—*Morning Courier.*

The weather for the past fortnight has been favourable, and the crops have greatly improved.—Wheat on dry soils is very good, on wet soils, poor. It is difficult to ascertain to any certainty what proportion the former bears to the latter. As about one-fourth more wheat was sown last fall than formerly, & though many fields were ploughed up this spring, they were sown with spring wheat, it may safely be concluded that the general average will be somewhat above that of former years.—Grass is doing well, and fruit promises abundance.—*Kingston Herald, 5th inst.*

I AM A WORD OF TEN LETTERS.  
My 1 3 2 3 4 letters present one of the names by which the devil is known.

My 6 3 4 2 rodomontade language.

My 5 3 1 2 3 6 8 a disgraceful condition, but never was and never can be the fault of the person who is in it.

My 5 6 3 9 9 3 6 2 a vain person.

My 9 7 4 a monster of which many are fond to distraction, well known in Holland and England.

My 5 6 7 8 10 that which all maidens wish to be.

My 6 3 5 7 8 no sooner seen than avoided.

My 6 3 7 4 without which the world would be uninhabited.

My 5 6 7 5 10 that which thousands take but uniformly swear they do not.

My 6 3 4 9 10 6 a certain kind of a dog.

My 6 10 4 10 9 3 8 10 an apostate.

The whole is the name of a Township in Lower Canada. Which of you can tell what Township is?

#### New Firm & New Goods.

THE undersigned returns his best acknowledgements to his customers for their liberal patronage, and begs to acquaint them, that the business will be continued at his old stand, in Freleighsburg, from this date, under the firm of OREN J. KEMP & CO.

A General Supply of choice Articles are now opening and will be sold as cheap as at any other store in the county.

OREN J. KEMP,

Freleighsburg, 12th June, 1837.

On the 17th inst., a small silk Purse, containing a Note of Five Dollars, on an Upper Canada Bank. The finder, on leaving the same at this Office will be suitably rewarded.

Attorney.  
Montreal, 5th June, 1837.

V3 9-3

#### TEMPERANCE.

NOTICE is hereby given that a meeting of the Young Ladies' and Gentleman's Temperance Society, will be held at the Hurbut School House, on Tuesday the 27th inst., at two o'clock, P. M. An Address may be expected from the Rev. Mr. Reid.

The Friends of Temperance are invited to attend.

By order of the President,  
JAMES AYER, jun., Sec.

#### Valuable PROPERTY TO BE LET!!

THE subscriber is disposed to let for a term of years, the whole of his property at BEDFORD,

consisting of a

Grist-Mill,  
AND  
Clothier's Shop,

a Turning Lathe,  
propelled by water;—and after the first of November, 1838, his

Saw-Mill, Store, Ware-House,  
Distillery, & Dwelling House, at present occupied by

P. H. MOORE, Esq.

He will also let for a term of years, his  
Sawing Establishment, at the Lower Falls, on Pike River.

The above property is well situated for business, perhaps not surpassed by any other in the country; and will be let separately to different persons, if required. The terms will be made favorable. The Lessee will, however, be required to keep it at all times in a perfect state of repair; a suitable allowance will be made in the estimation of rent for this purpose.

ROBERT JONES,  
Bedford, June 17, 1837.

V3 10f

#### Flour for Sale.

THE undersigned would inform the public that he has a good supply of

#### FLOUR,

on hand and for Sale at his Mill.

ABRAM LAGRANGE.

St. Armand, June 16th, 1837.

V3 10-2w

#### STRAYED OR STOLEN,

ON the morning of the 13th instant, from the pasture of Barlow Stevens, in Highgate, Vt., a light gray French

#### Mare,

six years old. When she left, both rear shoes were off, and her fore shoes loose. Whoever will return said mare, or give information where she may be found, shall be handsomely rewarded.

BENJAMIN STEVENS.

Philippsburg, June 18, 1837.

V3 10f

#### STRAYED OR STOLEN,

ON the evening of the 8th instant from the pasture of Mr. William Fuller, in Dunham a dark sorrel English

#### Mare,

seven years old, with a white stripe in the fore-head, and switch tail. Whoever will return said mare, or give information to Mr. William Fuller, of Dunham or the subscriber, where she may be found shall be handsomely rewarded.

NATHAN TIBBITS.

Brome, June 16, 1837.

3 10f

#### Notice.

ROKE into the enclosure of the subscriber, on or about the first of May, five Yearling

Heifers.

and one Yearling STEER. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take them away.

JOHN LEVITT.

Dunham, June 17th, 1837.

V3 10f

#### Notice

IS hereby given that from and after the 1st day of May next, Wharfare dues, at the rate of one penny per ton, will be levied on all goods landed or shipped at the Wharf of the British American Land Company at Port Saint Francis.

Office of the British American Land Company, Sherbrooke, April 24, 1837.

## TEMPEL:

BY MISS M. MILES.

The wildest ills that darken life,  
Are rapture to the bosom's strife;  
The tempest, in its blackest form,  
Is beauty to the bosom's storm.

'I have had an invitation to Mary Morton's party,' said Francesca Deleval to her mother, as they sat together in the drawing room, 'and I think, mamma, that I shall go.'

'But are you sure, my dear, that Clarence Hardy would approve of it?' asked her mother, with a smile that brought the rich color into her daughter's cheek.

'Oh! that would make no difference... I shall always choose to have a will of my own, and I am very sure that Clarence will never oppose my wishes.'

'I am not so certain of that, my love. Clarence has indeed, hitherto, been willing to submit to your caprices. Excuse me, my dear, if I make use of a strong expression; but I think you exact too many sacrifices from him. He is noble minded and generous, but still I think he possesses a determination of character which if once roused will be difficult to overcome.'

'Oh! I am not afraid of that. He knows my spirit too well to think I shall ever obey.' And she tossed her beautiful head in disdain at the idea.

A shade passed over the mild face of Mrs. Deleval as she looked with all a mother's fondness upon the young and lovely girl before her. Pride sat throned upon her beautiful brow, and she felt at that moment that she would have given all the wealth, the luxuries of her splendid home, for the gift of a humble spirit to that child.

'Listen to me Francesca,' said she, drawing her to her side.... 'You know, my child, how highly we esteem Clarence Hardy, and with what perfect confidence in his high-mindedness and integrity we bestowed such a treasure upon him. Believe me, my dear, that you will estrange the noble heart that is now wholly your own, if you persist in thus acting against all his opinions and feelings. Some little deference should be paid to his wishes, which are never unreasonable, and therefore I advise you to tell him of this invitation before you conclude to accept it;... and, leaving her daughter to ponder upon her words she left the room.

Mr. and Mrs. Deleval had one daughter, Francesca, and two younger children.

Francesca's pride and haughtiness of character gave great uneasiness to her parents, although her very faults were overlooked by those who knew her, for her heart was generous and affectionate, and she was gifted with much talent and beauty. Clarence Hardy was some years older, and she was much attached to him. He was reserved in manner, but his feelings were noble, and his disposition amiable. He was the adviser of Francesca, and, until latterly, she had been governed by his wishes. And for the change in her demeanor he could not account, but attributed it to her acquaintance with the Miss Mortons, who were gay, dashing, fashionable girls.

Clarence Hardy sat gazing upon the face of Francesca, as, sunk in reverie, she leaned her head upon her hand. After a few moments of silence she started up, and, meeting his earnest gaze, blushed deeply.

'What have you been thinking of, Francesca?' he asked with a smile.

'Of a request I was going to make,' she replied, 'though I am not sure that you will agree to it.'

'Then it cannot be one that I ought to grant, if you thus fear to ask it; for I am not very unreasonable, dear Francesca. But come, don't keep me in suspense; he added, taking her hand with a smile playing on his lip, for he guessed well, from her manner, that it was something that he should not approve of, and he was amused by her unwillingness to speak.

'Why, I have received an invitation to Mary Morton's party, and mamma would not let me send my answer until I had consulted you. But I have made up my mind to go!'

A shade of displeasure and mortification crossed his fine face. 'It were useless then to consult me, Francesca. My opinion can be of no consequence to you whilst you think and act for yourself.'

'Now you are angry, Clarence, I am sure I cannot see why I should always submit. And if you go with me, it will be just as well as to spend a dull evening at home.'

He took her hand, with a look of deep and earnest affection.... 'Have I ever been unreasonable, dear Francesca, or advised you but for your own happiness? But the Miss Mortons I consider dangerous acquaintances for any young lady. You know that I seldom express my opinion, but I think that the manner in which they live, free from the controlling influence of moral and religious principle, and repaying friendship with the slander that lurks beneath a honied tongue, is a sufficient reason for wishing you to avoid their society. I will not visit them, and you will oblige me by declining the invitation--though it may cost you a dull evening at home.'

Francesca's eyes flashed. 'Give up my friends merely because they do not suit your taste! You strangely mistake my character, if you deem me so mean spirited, Clarence. You can do as you please; but I shall go to-morrow evening.' And she tried to release her hand, but he firmly detained it.

'Since this is your resolve, Francesca, and his voice trembled as he spoke, 'hear me say, that we part now forever. I have borne your many caprices, and have tried to overlook your faults. I loved you with a deep and true affection--but I consider a good temper an essential requisite to render the fireside happy. And you do not possess the jewel of a meek spirit. If the world's trials should come, and humble that haughty heart, you may then sigh for the love of him who would willingly have shielded you from even the passing breeze;... and now farewell.' And with one sad, lingering gaze upon her pale face, he released her hand.

'I thank you for restoring my liberty,' she bitterly replied. 'Tis a sweet gift; and now, farewell forever; and she left the room with a proud step.

Francesca's smile beamed bright in the drawing room of Miss Morton, and she led the dance, and breathed the thrilling lay as though her heart knew not a touch of bitterness. And in her home, her step was still as proud, and her eye as clear, as if the shadow rested not upon her spirit... but the mother's eye was not deceived. She saw the struggle in Francesca's heart; and as she gradually became cold and reserved, even towards her, she felt that her child was changed indeed. The name of Clarence was as a forgotten sound in their dwelling, and they heard that he had gone abroad.

Days of trial came, and in less than six months from the time our story commences, Mr. Deleval was declared a bankrupt. Francesca saw all the furniture of their splendid home disposed of at public sale, and shed no tear. Many associations of happier hours rendered some of the articles dear; but the coldness of her demeanour never gave place to even an appearance of emotion during the trying scene. Her piano and guitar were both sold, and it was only then that her mother saw her lip quiver, and her pale cheek become a shade paler, and knew that the thought of Clarence Hardy had occasioned the change. They bid adieu to all the scenes that seemed as a silver link to bind them to the past, and retired to a small cottage that Mrs. Deleval owned, and which, through the liberality of Mr. Deleval's creditors, had been restored to her.

It was a summer evening, and Mr. Deleval, who had been absent all day, returned wearied and dispirited to his home. He gazed upon the mild pale face of his wife, and felt how nobly she had sustained her reverse of fortune, how sweetly and patiently she had ministered to all their wants, and poured the balm of sympathy and consolation into his soul, even whilst she was suffering for the comforts that her invalid state required. Francesca's bounding step had become languid & slow, and the father's heart yearned for the sunny smile and thrilling tones of old. Change had indeed cast its gloomy mantle over their once happy dwelling, and even the playful smile of his little Emily, and the mirth of her laughing brother could not win him from his brooding thoughts. An old and attached servant and his wife, who had belonged to Mr. Deleval's father had insisted, with the strong attachment which the African race feel towards a kind master, upon accompanying them into their retirement. Old Cato entered with a letter.

'A letter for me,' said Mr. Deleval, rousing himself from his reverie. 'Yes, massa, me just get him; and seeing his master's dejection, 'me hab got the swing fixed.... Come, Massa William, come Miss Emmy, Massa be tired.' And he took the children from the room.

Mr. Deleval opened the letter, and read it; and then raised his eyes to heaven, as if in thankfulness, though a deeper shade of sadness rested upon his brow. It was a moment of mingled joy and grief. He approached his wife. 'Emily, my love, I have an offer; a very lucrative one, from Mr. Danvers--but I shall be obliged to go to Europe. It rests with you whether I accept it, but I think it a sacrifice I ought to make for my children, although the separation may cost me many pangs.'

Mrs. Deleval's face grew very pale, but she commanded her feelings. 'My husband! do not let a thought of me deter you from the path of duty. I shall have strength given me from above to meet every trial; and our children require your utmost exertions.' Mr. Deleval gave his wife a look of warm approval, as he pressed her hand, with much emotion, feeling how sweet was the love that smiled upon him, even when dark clouds were hovering over his head.

Francesca, who had left the room upon some slight pretext, now entered. Her father called her to his side, and communicated the contents of the letter he had received, and added, as he kissed her affectionately--'When I return, my child, I hope that I shall be gladdened by one of the smiles that so often smoothed my path in days gone by. I can hardly realize that it is my once warm-hearted Francesca who is so reserved and cold to those who have ever cherished and loved her. It has given me much pain; and forgive me if I revert for once to the past, and ask you if Mr. Hardy wrote to you before he left the city. I have never been informed as to the cause of your unhappy separation, neither would I wish to solicit that confidence which my child withholds but I see you are inclined to do.'

'I am, I am, my dearest father,' exclaimed Francesca, throwing herself into his arms, 'and my own ungoverned temper has caused it all.' And she wept and sobbed, as though her heart was breaking.

'You don't know how miserable I have been.... I could not shed a tear; and when I saw all your trouble, and thought what a friend Clarence would have been at such a time, as he is so generous and wealthy, I thought I should never forgive myself. Oh! I have so longed to open my heart--but you never mentioned him, and all my feelings seemed dead and chilled, I could not... and then Clarence, in his farewell letter told me how disappointed he was in my character, and that in his second choice he should hold a meek, humble spirit of more value than wit or beauty... and I felt as if no one loved me.'

Mr. Deleval took the opportunity of leading his daughter's thoughts to a higher source than things of earth, and impressed on her mind the necessity of ruling her spirit, if she would gain love. She promised to obey his injunctions, and retired to rest with a lighter heart than she had done for many weeks.

Mr. Deleval had been gone a year when the cheek of the little Emily, the youngest and dearest of the family, began to fade; and, like a sweet flower, she was passing to a better home. Francesca had obtained many a conquest over her own proud heart, and as the consciousness of doing well her duty gave cheerfulness to her mind, she became more like the sunny being of earlier days. Emily had been Clarence's favorite to idolizing tenderness; and she bent in agony over her bed, as the beautiful little creature, who had numbered but seven summers, clung to her to the last. A few moments before she died, she took her Bible, a gift from her father, and put it into Francesca's hand, and fell asleep for ever, murmuring--'He leadeth me beside the still waters.' Often did the bereaved sister read the little volume, and, raising her thoughts above, find consolation and support--and, guided by its precepts, she learned the value of a humble spirit.

Three years had now passed away, and Mr. Deleval was daily expected. He had been uncommonly fortunate in his business, and his family looked forward to his return with feelings of gratitude and joy. Francesca had formed an intimacy with Anna Roseville, a young lady in the neighborhood, and was on a visit to her when she heard of his arrival. She immediately hastened home, and, to her utmost surprise, found him accompanied by Clarence Hardy. They met with the indifference of common acquaintance, and few would have deemed, from their demeanor, that they had ever been betrothed. Clarence was introduced to Miss Roseville, and soon took evident pleasure in her society. One evening when they were absent, Francesca took up Anna's guitar, and, hardly conscious of any meaning, warbled forth the following ballad:

'No love is like the first love!  
Sang the lady of Glentyle,  
As in her father's castle proud,  
She touched the lute the while.'

'No love is like the first love!  
Thus sang the lady pale,  
And her raven hair o'er cheek and brow,  
Fell like a darksome veil.'

'No love is like the first love!  
The lady's tears fell fast;  
She thought upon a bright, sweet dream!  
A vision of the past!'

'A gallant knight in lands afar,  
Had won the lady's love,  
And proudly in his helmet placed,  
A white and 'broider'd glove.'

'They said the false knight bent the knee,  
At an eastern lady's shrine;  
And the glitter of her dark eye loved  
More than the diamond's shrine.'

'Two weary years had passed away,  
And the lady of Glentyle  
An orphan dwelt in lordly halls,  
And sadly sung the while.'

'No love is like the first love!  
As the murmur's echoing died,  
A youthful knight in glittering mail,  
Bent at the maiden's side.'

'His favor was a broider'd glove!  
His nroto--brave and true!  
And as he bent in homage there  
Her own true knight she knew.'

'No love is like the first love!  
Thy song is very sweet;  
And the lady turned with blushing cheek,  
The glance she loved to meet.'

As she concluded, Clarence and Anna Roseville came in, and the extreme devotion of his manner to her friend, made her own heart somewhat sad, though she new that Anna's amiable disposition was well calculated to win Clarence's regard and esteem. He complimented her upon her song, and then pleading business, took leave. Francesca passed the remainder of the evening with Anna, who was unusually animated, and then retired sadly to her own home.

'Will you be my bridesmaid, dear Francesca?' asked Miss Roseville, a few days after, as they were walking together. 'Next Tuesday is the day.' Francesca looked at her in amazement. 'You need not look so amazed, my dear,' she added, 'I wished to put it off, but Clarence would not consent.'

Francesca seemed as if in a dream, but she called her woman's pride to her aid and, answering in the affirmative, turned away, and seeking her own home, locked herself into her room, and gave way to all her grief and misery. This was a death blow to all her hopes, and she never herself to bear her bitter part.

There were only the members of the two families assembled in Mr. Roseville's handsome drawing-room, and Francesca and Anna, habited just alike, were waiting the entrance of Clarence in a small room. Ann was jesting upon the secrecy with which they had conducted the affair, so as to baffle the prying curiosity of the villagers, and Francesca was nervously awaiting the approaching trial. She walked to the window, and, contrasting her friend's lot with her own desolate one, sighed deeply, when suddenly some one took her hand, and looking up, she met the earnest glance of Clarence Hardy. She indignantly withdrew it. 'Mr. Hardy, your bride awaits you.'

'Then come, dear Francesca, for no other I own. Forgive this stratagem,' he added, seeing her very pale. 'Your Father, mother, and my merry cousin, Anna, were all in the secret, and from her I learned the change in your character,

although you thought her a stranger to me. The license is ready, and now, when I know that you possess gentleness enough to forgive worse offences, will you forgive me this slight one?'

The revulsion in her feelings was too great, and with one quick gasp of happiness, she fainted on his bosom. When she recovered, she learned that to him her father was indebted for a competency, and that he had ever watched over her, although she thought herself forgotten. And as she gave her hand to him who so well deserved it, she blessed him for the lesson he had given her, which, though bitter at the time, had led her to strive, and win the jewel of a meek spirit.

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